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# THE EVENING WORLD

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COMBINED CIRCULATION  
OF THE  
Herald, Times, Tribune and Evening Post.

PRICE ONE CENT.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## LAST EDITION. WAS HE MURDERED?

"Gentleman George" Parker's Suspicious Death in a London Lodging.

He Had Done Time in New York for Swindling.

Facts that Lead to the Belief that He Met Foul Play.

A cablegram from London announces the death there, under suspicious circumstances, of George Parker, who is described as a resident of Brooklyn and a gambler.

His body was found at his lodgings in Great Russell street Thursday morning with a bullet wound through the heart. An American revolver of .44 calibre was found near the body.

The theory of suicide was at first advanced, but a suspicion that a murder had been committed was developed when it was discovered on searching his clothing that there was a pawn ticket for a revolver in the dead man's pocket.

The police thought it hardly possible that Parker had two revolvers.

This suspicion was strengthened by the fact that another American named Whitman, who had been in intimate terms with Parker, and who is described as a villainous appearance, was the first to give the alarm, and that when the body was found Parker's false teeth had been removed and were placed in tumbler of water.

It was argued that had the man intended to commit suicide his natural vanity, of which he was known to possess a great deal, would have led him to keep his false teeth in his mouth, so that he might look his best in death.

The cabined description of the dead man—handsome, between forty-five and fifty years of age, over six feet in height, with hair and mustache white—has led those who know him to believe that the victim of the tragedy of Great Russell is none other than George F. Parker, who, five or six years ago, did a thriving swindling business in this city.

He had a regular bureau and advertised for the collection of old World securities, which people were advised by him were awaiting to be cleared by them on the other side of the Atlantic.

He had an office in the Stewart Building, where he had employed twenty young women typewriters to conduct the extensive correspondence of the agency, which was known as The British-American Claim Agency.

This pretended to be a regularly incorporated association of which Parker was the President, Edward S. Withersell the Secretary and Treasurer and Lawyer George W. Gibbons the counsel.

The claim agency issued a pamphlet containing what purported to be an index registering next of kin, heirs at law and legatees to vast properties which had been waiting claimants in Great Britain and Ireland as far back as 1600, which they spread broadcast throughout the land.

It also published thousands of little slips, pretending to be clippings from newspapers, with attractive headings, such as "A Poor Mechanic Falls Into Several Millions." In these circulars the agency was advertised as bringing the poor mechanic his good fortune.

Inquiries were made and were replied to with requests for small retaining fees. Fees were in fact wanted for every move the agency pretended to make, but all were less than \$25, so that an indictment could not be for a greater offense than petit larceny should be of the dupes think it worth his while to prosecute.

So many complaints were made against the "agency" that Inspector Byrnes made a dead set against it and secured the indictment of Parker, Withersell and Gibbons March 3, 1897, and finally broke up their extremely lucrative but illegal business.

There are four indictments for petit larceny against Parker in the office of the Clerk of the Court of General Sessions, but it was impossible to convict him because he had sailed very close to the letter of the law, and a conviction could only be had by proving that he did not have a connection with agents in Great Britain who were actually pushing claims placed in his hands.

He was released on \$2,500 bail, which was furnished by his wife, who resides in her own home at 129 First place, Brooklyn. She has two children, who live with her.

"That is 'Gentleman George,'" said Capt. McLaughlin, who is in charge of the Detective Bureau at Police Headquarters, when he was shown the description of the London suicide.

"That's the claim agency Parker. He left New York in December, 1896, when he heard that we had a warrant for his arrest for grand larceny for stealing a pair of \$500 diamond earrings from Jeweller William Litch, of Sixth avenue.

"A funny thing about that," interjected the Captain, "is that Litch is now doing five years for receiving stolen goods."

"When Parker left New York," he continued, "he jumped to Brazil. He left South America and went to Paris, and then went over to London, where a diamond necklace again got him into trouble and he served the Queen a year behind the bars."

Capt. McLaughlin did know the woman, Mrs. Lottie Hamilton, of 110 West Thirty-eighth street, New York, who is said to have accompanied Parker in his wanderings and who went on to London with him yesterday to meet her lover only to find his corpse.

Parker was arrested in 1876 for larceny and spent three years in the State prison. It is said that he also served a term in Australia for burglary.

The dead swindler was a remarkably handsome man; more than six feet tall, with a distinguished appearance, and was well known to by his gray mustache and hair and his always faultless attire.

## THIS TAR MET TWO TARTARS.

A Disabled Seaman's Yarn of a Tornado of Night Sticks.

Jury Rigger by an Ambulance Surgeon, He Seeks His Assaultants.

A man-of-warman with sheets dripping in a flowing sea here alongside the Pulitzer Building just after eight bells in this morning's watch. After running aloft eleven stories he threw a line to The Evening World editorial rooms and asked to be taken aboard.

The cabin boy conveyed his message to the editor of the desk, and Ernest Englebrecht, disabled seaman of the United States training-ship Minnesota, his tarry topknot in mourning, his head covered with bandages and his heart full of grievances, presented his round robin to the Grievance Editor.

Ernest's appearance when he was sighted in the office was as beautiful as the procession of the White Squadron upon the bay the other day. He had undoubtedly been up the bay, also over the bay, and his tale of having fallen in with an east-side tornado in the shape of two New York policemen, whose night sticks had bent the call to quarters on his bedridden cranium, was easily believed.

The Minnesota lies off the foot of Fifth street in the North River, and Ernest had been having all the fun possible in the two or three days shore-leave that he obtained. Naturally he took in "Cherry and James" streets.

It would seem that in all this big city there ought to be other places for sailors to enjoy themselves than on Cherry, James, Water, South and West streets and the Bowery.

But apparently there are not. It is a matter of general notoriety that the real game "saloon" retreats, "Saloon Home," "Seamen's Lodging-House," "Seamen's Delight," "The Casino-Nine-Tails," "The Casino," "The Light House," "The Beacon Light," and hundreds of other well-known nautical resorts, to say nothing of the "Fun of Blood," "The Tip Horn," "The Fun of Hell," and similar cafes, are to be found only on the streets named in their title.

Hence it was that Ernest, after a night of unalloyed joy, found himself at two bells yesterday morning watch, quietly sitting on the stoop of a saloon at James and Cherry streets, reflecting on the delights and delusions of the Fourth Ward.

His dreams were rudely dispelled by two unfeeling coppers, who, mistaking him for the sailor of Ernest's fate and requested him to move on.

Ernest had not expected so vigorous and direct a reply. The brilliant display of stars on his head had never been seen before, even in the Arctic, and he was astonished at the civility of the policemen's night-sticks.

Then the policemen bore off. Ernest took a tack and sailed on about a block, and, mistaking stars, again sat down to reflect, when he was again accosted by two coppers, who, mistaking him for the sailor of Ernest's fate, requested him to move on.

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## CITY NEWS TERSELY TOLD.

To-Day's Record of Minor Happenings About Town.

Chronicles Briefly Drawn from Note-Book and Docket.

Died at His Breakfast. Albert Ploss, twenty-two years old, of 2754 Eighth avenue, died suddenly at 6.50 o'clock this morning while eating his breakfast.

Can't Escape Now, if She Would. Laura Horney, of 515 Washington street, attempted to evade arrest to-day, and jumped out of a second story window to do it. She is now in St. Vincent's Hospital with a broken leg.

Hines's Friends Had His \$1,800. The twenty-six \$50 bills which Manager Harry Hines thought had been stolen from him while inspecting the Tenderloin precinct by daylight have been returned to him. A friend had them in safekeeping.

Tended Bar Burglariously. James Hanley and Joseph Corvey were held for trial in the Yorkville Court today for burglary. Last night they broke into John Wozniak's liquor store, at Twenty-fifth street and Avenue C, and stole cigars and money.

Liberty Lost for \$8.40. John Garland was held in Tombs Court today, charged by his employer, Stevedore John Bates, of 14 South street, with appropriating \$8.40 given him to deliver to a third party.

Shields the Man Who Killed Him. James McDonald was found on Belmont avenue, Newark, with a bad knife wound in his leg and was taken to the hospital. He is badly hurt, but will not let his wound out.

Chinamen Too Much for Duffy. Justice Duffy could not save the difficulty between Chu Yung, Chu Fang and Chung Chin Gong this morning at Essex Market, so he remanded them. Chung charges that the Chinese robbed him.

Stole a Watch, Not a Daughter. A Newark family named Bellville, who recently engaged a new arrival immigrant named August Schultze as cookman, had him locked up to-day on the charge of stealing a \$75 watch.

Stole the House-keeper's Ornaments. Margaret Quinlan, housekeeper for Dr. Brown, of 102 West Fifty-seventh street, accused John Belones, a groom, in the Yorkville Court to-day, with stealing a \$100 worth of her jewelry. He acknowledged his guilt and was held for trial.

Died at the Breakfast Table. Albert Ploss, a machinist twenty-two years old, died in his chair while eating breakfast at his home, 2754 Eighth avenue, this morning. His death is attributed to heart disease, which is hereditary in the family.

Jersey Malefactor Committed. Charles Lynch, a noted murderer, frog and thief, who has spent several years in prison, was remanded by Justice O'Donnell, in the Jersey City Police Court to-day for examination. He was arrested last night with a bundle containing a burglar's kit in his possession, which he said he had picked up on the street.

Had His Jaw Broken. Thomas Kyle, of 81 Graham street, Jersey City Heights, was held for the Grand Jury to-day, by Police Justice Davis, in Jersey City, for breaking the jaw of Albert Pfister, of 222 Oak street, with a stone, during a fight last night.

Cadaver Floating in the Harbor. The body of an unknown man was found in the harbor off Bay Ridge this morning. He was apparently thirty years old, was 5 feet 8 inches in height, with sandy hair and a smooth-shaven face.

Miss Brown's Sad "Header." An accident has marred the beauty of Miss Alice Brown, of this city. She was thrown from a bicycle near Ashbur Park, striking upon her face, which is permanently disfigured.

Police Matrons Get \$60 a Month. Salaries of police matrons have been fixed by the Commissioners at \$720 per year. The Board asks for \$50,000 to make necessary alterations in station-houses where matrons are assigned.

Murphy Stole a Keg of Beer. Justice Divver, at the Tombs Court to-day, held John Murphy, a young tough, for trial for stealing a keg of beer from one of Yungling's wagons while being driven through Hector street. Murphy was aided by others, but they escaped arrest.

\$158,084 for Croton Rents. Water Register Riol reports the collection of \$153,034.29 for Croton water rents during the week.

Jail-Breaking Mystery in Deadwood. DEADWOOD, S. D., July 18.—A general jail-break was made to-day from the jail in this place, five persons escaping, all charged with felony. The escape was finally effected by breaking through the brick wall of the jail, but how the prisoners got out of the steel cages and cells in which they were confined remains a mystery.

Blaine at Bar Harbor. A DAY AMONG THE QUEER CORNERS OF NEW YORK. FROM LETHAL BANKS. A NOVELLETTE BY HENRY HERMAN. STONEWALL JACKSON AND THE MONUMENT ABOUT TO BE UNVEILED.

THE RUSSIAN BARBARITIES. MANY MOST INTERESTING AND NEW FACTS CONCERNING THE JEWISH PERSECUTIONS.

THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A NEW YORK PHYSICIAN. THE STORY OF AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN NEW YORK RIOT. LANDSCAPE GARDENING FOR SMALL VILLAS.

HENRY GEORGE, JR., ON THE ENGLISH COMMON SCHOOLS. RELIGION VS. RAUCING AT SARATOGA.

THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL RACE. WHAT HORSEMEN IN NEW YORK AND THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY THINK OF THE PROJECT.

## FOREIGN NEWS OF THE DAY.

Further Manifestations Against the Government in France.

Spurgeon Better To-Day—An English Bank Suspends.

PARIS, July 18.—The vote of the Chamber of Deputies yesterday expressing confidence in the Government has not satisfied the extremists, who are continuing the agitation in regard to the Alsace-Lorraine passport regulations and who have not ceased their attempts to incite feelings against the Government.

At a meeting of the Extremist party, held last night, it was resolved to call a public meeting to protest against what they term "the treachery and cowardice of the Government."

During the past night the Strasbourg station on the Place de la Concorde was by some parties unknown enveloped in a large crape veil. The police removed the veil and are hunting for the perpetrators of this outrage.

An English Bank Suspends—Gripper & Sons' Failure. LONDON, July 18.—The English Bank of the River Plate (Limited), whose offices are at 12 St. Martin's lane, this city, and of which Mr. A. E. Southern is managing director, has suspended payment in consequence of the failure of the bank to secure assistance that was expected to be received to enable it to tide over its troubles. The difficulties of the bank are due to the locking up of South American securities.

The report circulated yesterday that Edward Gripper & sons, corn factors and wharfingers, of this city, had failed is confirmed this morning. Their liabilities are estimated at \$250,000. A receiver has been appointed to wind up the business of the firm.

Mr. Spurgeon Improving, Taking Food and Resting Well. LONDON, July 18.—The condition of Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon is much improved. He passed a quiet night. His parson of some last night, the first that he has taken for a month.

Eleven Men Were Killed. A Train Falls Over the Manchester Canal Embankment. LIVERPOOL, July 18.—A terrible accident occurred this morning along the line of the Manchester Ship Canal.

A train passing along the railroad running near the canal fell over the latter's embankment near this city, killing eleven men who were working under the heading.

In addition to the men killed many other workmen were injured.

Col. Scott's Command Relieves Twelfth at Peekskill. The Eighth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., left its camp at 10.30 this morning, commanded by Col. George B. Scott, on route for its tour of camp duty at Peekskill.

There were nearly five hundred men in line. Next Friday the Eighth Regiment Veteran Association will visit the camp.

Upon the arrival of the Eighth at Peekskill the Twelfth and the Provisional Battalion of Separate Companies will embark for home.

BOSS HEALEY UNDER BAIL. Affray in a Brooklyn Saloon Which May Prove a Murder. Saloon-keeper Patrick Healey, of 233 Bergen street, Brooklyn, Democratic leader in the Fifth Ward, was held in \$1,500 to-day, in the Adams Street Court, for examination on the charge of assault on William J. Habbitt, of 80 Johnson street.

The affray occurred in Healey's saloon, and Habbitt was so badly beaten that it is said by his physicians that he may not recover.

Ingalls to Visit the Holy Land. WASHINGTON, July 18.—Re-senator Ingalls is going for a trip through Europe to Greece, Jerusalem and Egypt. He will leave Aug. 22 and return in about three months.

"THE" SEEKS SEA BREEZES. To Recuperate from Ice-Pick Thrusts at Some Quiet Resort. Diverkeeper and Republican Politician "The" Allen has not relaxed his determination to die a natural death when he does die. He is now so far recovered from the carving he suffered at the hands of John Carraro as to be able to sit up and receive his admiring friends.

To effect a complete restoration of his health in fall to participate in reform politics next fall, "The" is going to the seashore.

Meanwhile the Excise Board will consider the advisability of revoking the license of the little fraudulent dive at South Fifth avenue and Blocker street.

From River to Morgue. The body of Christian Newman, sixty years old, was found in the North River at the foot of Beach street this morning. It was taken to the Morgue and the Coroner notified.

IT IS MAGIC OR WHAT? In 64 races run at Brighton Beach, Morris Park and at Westbury, the Hooeycock gave 40 winners and 32 seconds, a total of 81 placed horses in 64 races. Who can beat this record?

## WED AS YOU PLEASE.

Loving Couples United, Day or Night, and No Questions Asked.

Midnight Marriage Mills Work Secretly and Quickly.

Three Broadway Gretna Greens and Their Method of Marrying.

New York has a Gretna Green, or rather three of them, where, in the language of the profligate genius—whether a good or an evil one the reader may judge—couples can get married with secrecy and despatch just as easy as rolling off a log, and no one will be the wiser.

New York Gretna Green, or Greens, are located at 71, 150 and 1570 Broadway. Here is what the advertisement says:

Marriages Solemnized Between Law Company (Joseph H. and E. F. Braun). Office always open on all days, Sundays and holidays included (never closed).

The business of the firm is not only to make two out of a single log, but it is as easy as rolling off a log, but it is to secure information "to read number those whom God hath joined together," and "reliable detectives are kept on hand day and night," the advertisement adds, for that very purpose.

An Evening World reporter was curious to know how marriages are solemnized by the Braun Law Company's marriage mill, that grinds matrimonial grain "day and night, Sundays and holidays included, never closed."

One office of this perpetual marriage mill is in room 40, at No. 71 Broadway, or rather a dark, dreary cubbyhole that has to be kept lighted at all times.

A youth, who said he was "Mr. Braun's son," sat at a desk. He was real young, but knew all about marriage. He gave it as his opinion that marriages were not failures—judging from the number his father performed. "The matter was in just then, but the younger man would transact any business in his father's absence."

"All right," said the reporter, "I want to get married."

"That's easy—as easy as rolling off a log," answered the youth.

"I don't want any publicity about it, however."

"Secrecy guaranteed. Nobody will ever know a word about it."

"Won't the minister tell?"

"Young man," said cupid's agent, "you are evidently from the country. I see that," and almost imperceptible curl of contempt was noticeable on his upper lip, but he condescended to explain.

"There is no minister in this. See? You just bring your girl here. We draw up a contract, each of you signs it, and you are man and wife."

"But—there is no 'but' about it. I know what you were going to say. A marriage by contract under the laws of New York is valid, just as valid as if you had been married by a priest or minister or the judge of some court."

He does away with publicity, just the thing you want to avoid. You needn't take out a license and no record need be made of it at the office of the Board of Health."

"No. It is printed in regular legal form, and is countersigned in the filing in of the names and minor details."

"Well, then, suppose I should destroy the contract in case I should get tired of my wife? She would then have nothing to show and no record to produce that she ever was a wife?"

"We have your name on our books; that's all, and you need not say anything to do."

The girl-tongued youth began to feel rather uneasy under the reporter's cross-examination. He pulled himself together, however, and said:

"We never ask questions. It's none of our business who the people are. They want to get married, and we marry them."

All you have to do is to pay your money and say you want to get married; the Braunans do the rest."

"It's quite a popular way of getting married," continued the youth. "There are hundreds of couples in this town who were married by contract, and we have nothing to do."

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"We never ask questions. It's none of our business who the people are. They want to get married, and we marry them."

## ESOP ON CURRENT EVENTS.

PROMISE OF ALLEGED RAPID TRANSIT BY OCT. 15 1891. BURIED HERE.



A Miser had a lump of gold which he buried in the ground, coming to look at the spot every day. One day he found that it was stolen, and began to tear his hair and loudly lament. A neighbor, seeing him, said: "Pray do not grieve so; bury a stone in the hole and fancy it is the gold. It will serve you just as well; for when the gold was there you had no use of it."

## STEAM YACHTS RACE TO-DAY.

For the Atalanta Cup Trophy, Presented by Jay Gould.

MILTON-ON-THE-ROCKS, July 18.—The club-house at this harbor will be witnessed early this evening all things being favorable, the flush between steam yachts of the American Yacht Club in a race for the trophy presented by Jay Gould.

This trophy is valued at \$10,000, and is known as the Atalanta Cup, being named after Mr. Gould's own yacht. It must be won three times by the same boat to become the permanent property of the winner. The yacht entered for today's race are as follows:

Golden Rod, 160 feet long, owned by Archibald Watt, Newburgh, 170 feet long, owned by Joseph Stickey, Alida, 184 feet, owned by H. M. Flieger, Orienta, 130 feet, owned by the Stevens family.

Time allowance has nothing to do with the event. The course is laid out in a straightaway, and the race will finish in the quickest time takes the prize, providing it finish within six hours of the start.

The starting point is off Rock Rock, on the Connecticut shore, and the boats were to get away at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The steam yachts are something of a favorite in speculation on the race.

## NELSON GOES A FAST MILE.

He Was Not Feeling Well, but Did the Distance in 2:15.

SAGINAW, Mich., July 18.—Six thousand people gathered at Union Park yesterday to witness Nelson's attempt to lower his record of 2:10 for a special purse of \$1,000.

Nelson was sick last night and refused to start, but he was not to be deterred, and he was on the track, but yielded, and about 4 o'clock the great stallion came on to the track, going to the first quarter in 38 seconds, half in 1:05, the three-quarters in 1:38, and then came under the wire without a break or skip in the least in 2:14.

## SURVIVED CARBOLIC ACID.

Lizzie Cruger's Sad Tale Told in a Harlem Court.

Lizzie Cruger, a young girl, was arraigned in the Harlem Court today charged with attempting suicide. Wednesday last she swallowed a quantity of carbolic acid in front of 1604 Third avenue.

In court she said that her act was caused by sickness and despondency. Mrs. Sarah H. Hills, the philanthropist, promised to look after Lizzie, and she was discharged.

## LOST IT ON THE RACES.

Young Otto Meyer Held for Appropriating \$1,800.

Young Otto Meyer, of 748 West Thirty-second street, was held in the Tombs Court to-day charged with appropriating \$1,800 belonging to the New York Race Company.

Joseph L. Amer, manager of the company, testified that on May 10 last a check for \$1,800 was issued by the company to Meyer to take to the Clinton Bank and cash.

## ITALIANS MAD WITH HUNGER.

Doobs Ferry Held in Terror by a Gang of Starving Laborers.

A Bloody Riot Only Averted by the Tact of Ladies.

"SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD." DOBBS FERRY, N. Y., July 18.—The half-starved Italian laborers, who have been holding the villagers in a state of fear and trembling, are being furnished money to get out of town.

Most of them have left, but about fifty remain, and it is hoped that these will leave to-day.

The whole trouble arose through the failure of contractors to pay their laborers.

About two months ago the Dobbs Ferry Land and Improvement Company purchased the abandoned Hammer estate, near this village, and laid the land out into building lots and streets. Andrew C. Field and Assemblyman Charles P. McClelland are the principal officers of the company.

A big gang of Italians were employed by Clegg & Richards, contractors, to work in grading the land. The Italians were sheltered in shanties and subsisted for a time on stale beer and bread.

They waited in vain for their money,